



The Last Hero



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Chapter 1 by Timothy Person

It began like any other ordinary morning. Del quickly ran through the bustling kitchen, dodged his dog, Rugby, and grabbed the lunch his father left on the counter for him. As he jogged down his dusty driveway, the school bus slowed to a noisy stop and the door flew open.

Just before he reached the yellow bus, he heard a loud scream, "RUN, Del! Don't get on the bus."

Chapter 2 by Aaron Balaky



He was wondering if his friends were playing a joke on him but he didn't think so. He then noticed that his regular bus driver was sitting tied up in the back of the bus. So he knew something was going wrong. His friend shouted he is holding us hostage he want's ransome money. Just run home and get help please! I did and when I came back out to the end of my driveway with my parents the bus had vanished. My parents and I thought there was no way of rescuing them.

Chapter 3 by Aaron Balaky



Then I saw something that caught the corner of my eye. There was tire tracks that led right into a pond. The first thing that popped into my mind was that everybody got stuck in the bus and drowned but then I thought different, the kidnappers probably took everybody out and brought them somewhere. They probably just drove the bus into the pond to cover up their tracks. My point was proven I went by the bus and saw nobody in there. Then I heard someone crying for help it was my bus driver and he was still tied up. I then saw someone lurking in the woods

behind him. No!! I screamed, but it was too late.

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Chapter 4 by Intelika

The lurking figure stopped. He came from his fake Abibas windbreaker and brought it to the bus driver's neck. I knew I had to act and fast, but what could

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I do? Just then, I remembered the Slim Jim in my pocket.

Chapter 5 by jeffyb



I took the Slim Jim from my pocket and took a quick bite. In that very instance there was a loud and booming pop sound. Out of the thicket came a shadowy figure. Everyone's attention immediately turned to the large, yet stocky man. As he came into the light, there was a large smile on his bearded face. And from his mouth came "Oh yeah!"

Chapter 6 by myGrundle



I snapped into that Slim Jim. It was odd, but he would narrate my actions. "Snap into a Slim Jim", he would say. So I would, and then he'd repeat it. This went on until the Slim J. was gone. And at that, he merely slumped his shoulders and slunk back into the thicket from whence he'd came. To this day, if I'm feeling run down, I'll stop a while and think of him.

The lurker was gone and so was the bus driver. Maybe I had only been hungry. Little kids do better in school when they're bloated of oatmeal, so who knows.

We never did pull the bus out of the pond, so that summer, my kid brother and I set up shop in front of it and sold lemonade and ghost stories for \$0.25.

Chapter 7 by Shelby Lawrence



But, one day while we were in front of the lake selling stuff, A horrid sound came from the water. A sound like "Scluck, Scluck Scluck"

When we turned around the water was swirling like a whirl pool, and something yellow and big was rising up. I realized it was the bus, but how was it coming out of the water after all this time? It rose up into the sky, and shuttered as all the water fell out of it. Then it began spinning, and spinning around really fast until it became a flying saucer and took off into the sky.

Chapter 8 by intellikat



"That was weird," said my kid brother.

"Sure was," I said, looking into my cup of lemonade with some suspicion, then downing it. "Did you put tequila in this batch?"

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"What? Do you think I'm c

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Just then, a figure blocked the sun as he stood before the lemonade stand/shop, and spoke in an almost metallic voice.

"Hello, boys."

We both looked up at the figure, who must have been about 3 metres tall.

"It's all been a dream."

"Wha-wha-what?"

"This entire episode. A dream. In those split seconds when your brain was deprived of oxygen. Neurons firing. Memories, dreams, fantasies. All crashing together into a fantastical dream in the last moments of your life."

I didn't know what to say.

"Del. You always wanted to be a hero, but you never were. When that lurker boarded the bus and began to slit throats, your mind raced to imagine a different scenario, One in which you were the hero. Where you saved your friends' lives. But sadly, this was not so. You were not saved yourself."

"So... where are we now?"

"Do you feel that, Del?"

Somehow, I sensed that things had gotten colder. I looked up and saw that the day had turned to night. I looked to the figure and tried to speak, but my mouth made no sound. The figure suddenly took form. A giant corpse, half-flesh, half-bone, leering from beneath a hood. It reached out to me and took me in a bony embrace. I began to float; hover in the air, and my eyes began to swim into blackness.

Beneath the surface of the pond, the bus sank. The bodies of the schoolchildren, many with throats slit, others with faces contorted in fear, slowly filled the bus as it came to rest at the sandy bottom.

There I hovered, my lungs

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The lemonade stand was gone.

My brother was gone.

My mind winked out like a dying bulb.

the end

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